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A SYRIAN PRINCESS.

Master of Seven Languages and Intends to Enter Harvard.

New York Letter in Philadelphia Times. Living in comparative retirement at No. 72 State street, Brooklyn, a section of the city very popular as a place for homes for the better class of Arabs, is a young lady who gives promise of becoming quite the rage in social circles during the next season, provided she can be induced to throw aside books for festivities for an hour. even during her stay in America. She is known among her countrymen as the "Syrian Princess." I secured an introduction to her through Dr. Isaac Hall, the curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but it required half a dozen visits before I obtained an audience with the young lady herself. Dr. Hall had said: "I can't give you the story that you want, but I will send you to a young lady who will give you a story that is even better than the one that you are tooking for."

Suspended over the mantelpiece I caught a glimpse of an oil painting-the work of a master artist-a face that made one think of the heroines or Gen. Lew Wallace pictured in "Ben-Hur," or the wonderful romances of the "Arabian Nights." After looking at the large, dark, dreamy eyes, the olive, oval features, suggestive of the Orient, I came to the conclusion that I would get a story there. I was not disappointed. In fact, I found at least two stories under this one Brooklyn roof.

Story No. 1 was the one that Dr. Hall had mentioned. He said that it was too good to keep because it threw a flood of light upon the methods that Asiatic authorities sometimes take to encourage literature. News of the affair was quite generally suppressed throughout the dominions of the Sultan and the story has only

just reached America.

Miss Alice Azeez, the original of the portrait, smiled when asked to tell the story of the Sultan's two wives. She speaks the purest English with a slight accent, but she brings into the English such a wealth of imagery, so many metaphors that but for the accent one might think that she was reading a poem. She explained: "Abraham Sadir was one of the reatest merchants of Beyrout. He published a book of about forty pages—a poem which told of the rivalry of women fair and dark. They quarreled over their respective merits, and if Sadir's description is considered a criterion this is not to be wondered at, since they were queens in their own lands. She of the fair face told her dark-faced sister that the angels of goodness are the angels of light. The darkfaced beauty reminded her that the fa-vorite flowers of Arabia are dark and urged that fair women are cold and dis-Which was the more beautiful, the blue eye or the black, the author could not determine. The women, so the story runs, determined to appeal to the Sultan. The Sultan, who is supposed to be posof all the wisdom of Solomon upon these beautiful women and determined to marry both of them for the purpose of settling the quarrel. Which was the fairer will never be known.

The author, who was as rash and rapid in his conclusions as your own Frank Stockton in his story of 'The Lady and the Tiger,' was at once arrested, fined £500 and sentenced to one year in prison on the charge of les majestie. He employed the best attorneys and they tried to show that Abraham Sadir had only taken a poet's license, but the lawyers for the crown argued that the Sultan had greater purposes in life than deciding the merits of a quarre! as to which was the more beautiful woman-the fair or the dark-and Sadir could not escape his punishment. Story No. 2 is found in the personality of the "Syrian Princess" herself. Her cousin is the wealthiest man in Beyrout, the famlly having been for centuries one of the ruling forces of the Orient. Her mother is with her in this country, but her father has returned to Cairo on account of his health. Though only nineteen years of age, she has

guages. Specimens of her needlework adorn the shelves of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York city, and the Peabody Museum, at Cambridge, Mass. When only five years of age she would steal away and her lessons by the moonlight. Though the family belongs to the Greek Catholic Church, to such an extent did the allow young girls to learn anything except fine sewing. But she was like the baby girl who, locked in the hut in Oliver Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," vowed that some day she, too, would be wise and clever, or like seven-year-old Warren Hastings the day that his father died and mortgaged Daylesford passed into the childish toys that they brought to him, caring only for the family sword with which he hoped to secure name and fame in India, clasping it closely and swearing that come what might he would be once more the Hastings of Daylesford-a vow that was only carried out at the close of a long and checkered career. I told this story to the "Syrian Princess," and she only replied: "I don't like him because he was cruel to the people of India.' Miss Azeez says that she will this year enter the Harvard Annex. She says that in her own country men are not allowed to write until they can add a long chain of titles to their names. Women are not expected to write for publication, but she hopes to secure this privilege when she has obtained the titles from American and English universities. Then she expects to found a magnificent library which will become a monument to father. She then proposes to give her life to the amelioration of the women of her race in the Orient and the public library is to become a part of the school system of the country. "A pretty large programme for a nineteen-year-old girl," I ventured to suggest. She only shook her head and answered: "No; I always get what I want." Asked if she would allow the Americans to contribute to the work, she replied that she wanted to do it herself with the assistance of a few of her people. "Half a dozen languages at your fingers" end is something by way of a beginning," was suggested; "but if you are at all like our American girls you will one of these days fall in love with some 'Prince of

Latin, French, German and English lan-

newspaper man. I never spoke to my own cousin until I came to this country, though he is about my own age and we were brought up in the same town. Still, if I receive you at all, my house and all of its belongings are at your service. It is the way of the Orient, you know, and I must accompany you as far as the door or the

India,' and then what will become of your

"I shall live, I shall learn, I shall work,"

she said softly, as she escorted me to the

outer door. I protested against her leav-

ing her room, but she replied: "It wouldn't seem Oriental if I did not. Though for

that matter my father, Europeanized though he has become in many things,

would not like it if he knew that I had

met and talked with a gentleman-even a

library and your work

Helpful Thoughts for Girls.

You can do more good to the community if you are in a calm, unruffled state of mind than if you are not. Therefore, let all your acts from the beginning of the day be of the sort which will produce this result. Sleep late; dress in leisurely fashion; be late to breakfast; don't open bills or unpleasant-looking letters. Point out to your younger sisters the advantages of housework. Teach them that labor is dignified. and that sweeping makes them graceful. Get them by such arguments to do all the work, and then go for a walk in the open air or a fencing lesson. Resolve not to say any unkind thing during the day. It displays a Christian spirit not to retaliate harshly when you are offended, and very often a sweet answer stirs up more wrath than an outbreak of temper could. Make a memorandum each day of the things you must accomplish before the setting of the sun. Place it conspicuously on your desk. It looks well, impresses your family and doesn't force you to do anything you would otherwise leave undone. Forgive your enemies. It always implies superiority to forgive, and is therefore sometimes the deadliest insult that could be offered.

A Depraved Cat.

mastered the Arabian. Assyrian, Grecian. | seen in a seed warehouse on Sixth street.

Philadelphia Inquirer. A sight that strikes many people as shocking example of total depravity can be

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above Chestnut, at any hour of the day that "Mike" happens to be thirsty, "Mike" is a big gray "Tom" cat, handsomely striped with black. He was raised, not on the bottle, but on the flask, and lately he has learned the trick of helping himself whenever he has an opportunity. Taking the flask tightly between his fore paws, 'Mike" slowly tilts himself back until he is balanced upon his hind legs. Then he slowdicularly on the end of his nose and the cool liquid inside trickles gently over his tongue. This extraordinary cat was never known to drink out of a saucer. Every morning and afternoon his owner fills flask with fresh milk and leaves it in the accustomed place. When not otherwise engaged, pussy roams about the seed store superintending the rat and mouse de-

STUDYING WOMANKIND.

The Handsome Ladies from Bonnie Dundee Going Around the World. San Francisco Examiner.

Twenty-five thousand miles of women That's what Miss F. Marie Imandt and Miss Bessie Maxwell, of bonnie Dundee, will see. Miss Imandt and Miss Maxwell were detailed by the editor of the Dundee Courier to start in February last for a tour around the world for the purpose of observing the condition of women and writing abut it for the paper. They are going to look at those 25,000 miles of women with a microscope, but not in a dreary long-faced way. The project grew out of the burning question of the time-suffrage -the cry of the emancipated and restlessness of every woman within earshot of that cry. They have met with unvarying courtesy, and are themselves charming women in every sense of the word. They are delightfully young, ready for impressions, and love their work. They are not the least bit like the dreaded lady correspondent with her falsetto question and her look of horror. On the other hand, they are brim full of what they would call a deal of common sense, and when they packed their luggage they didn't leave out gray matter. The tour has been planned for them and undertaken with all the calmness and dignity and freedom from perspiration that might have been expected of a Scotch journal, not one whit less enterprising for that. They have unlimited time, their Scotch thrift never oversteps their credit and they have as many days as they like for a place. They have two generous trunks and not a worry in world unless it is black plagues and strikes. They know all about our American Nellie Blys and groan at the thought of the single handbag and the wild, licious races for tugs and trains, which they call American rush. They have heard all about the rush and have come prepared to see us scamper to our offices with fiving coattails and to see our wrinkles. They started from Dundee, Scotland, on the 8th of February, went from there to England. thence to France, Italy, Egypt, China and Japan. From Japan they arrived in San Francisco by the steamer Peru. After studying the life of woman at the Golden Gate these two energetic young women will visit the other large cities of the country in pursuance of their interesting Then when their work is completed and put in shape we may expect a burst of light on one of the great new movements of the time by way of Dundee and the printing press of the Courier.

Dry Weather Notes. New York Recorder.

It's pretty dry out West. In Kansas it's getting so bad that most folks soak their well water over night to get it moist enough to drink. Muncle, Ind., whose newspaper men are all members of the Liars' Club, reports that one day recently the rain wanted to rain and hadn't any rain to rain, so it rained frogs, an expensive and unsatisfac-In Nebraska a man is employed at each railroad station to sprinkle the platform

when the engine is snorting sparks. Corn roots in Arkansas grow down so deep in search of moisture that they hit the earth's internal fires and a fine crop of popped corn is the result. local ordinance in Neshawa prohibits full baths oftener than once a week until Oct. 1. Feet may be washed three times a week, the hands and face once The public water supply must and shall be

Proud Rivalry. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. Fifteen divorce suits were filed in Pittsburg on Saturday. What do Chicago and Sioux City say to this?

How Corean Traitors and Rebels Will Expiate Their Crimes.

They Will Be Tortured and Ultimately Killed, and Their Female Relatives Will Also Be Punished.

ON THE EXECUTION GROUNDS

The Terrible Corean Paddle and the Dreadful Cangue.

The Torture of Witnesses and Other Horrible Practices Now Going on in the Hermit Kingdom.

(Copyright, 1894, by Frank G. Carpenter.) Treason is nowhere so terribly rewarded as in Corea. My blood runs cold when I think of the punishment which will be meted out to those who have rebelled against the King, should the Chinese become victorious and his Majesty's corrupt officials be allowed to carry out the laws which now exist. I have told you how the body of the dead rebel, Kim Ok Kiun, was brought to Corea, how it was cut into six pieces, and how the bloody head, the hands, the feet and the trunk were carried over the country and hung above the gates of the cities as a warning to rebels. Not only this man himself was killed, but his ole family and all his relatives have been terribly punished. His father did all he could to prevent his boy from rising | plied to it it becomes exceedingly soft, but against the King ten years ago, and after his rebellion he went into retirement. He was old and blind, but after Kim's death he was dragged out and his head was cut off. The men of the family, even of the third and fourth generation, were executed, and the women, including Kim's seventeen-year-old daughter, were given over to be the slaves or concubines of the officials. After this rebellion the mothers, the wives and the daughters of all who have taken up arms against the King will become the common property of the government and of the magistrates of the provinces in which they live. They will be dragged from their homes to be concubines and slaves As their beauty wanes they will be handed from one high official to a lower until they descend to the bottom dregs of the government service. They will have no rights that anybody will be bound to respect, and their only chance of hap-

AT THE EXECUTION GROUNDS. I went out, one morning during my stay in Seoul, with a Corean noble to the execution grounds. They are situated just outside of the west gate of the city, at a point where the main roads crossing Corea from the north to the south meet, and at a spot which is considered the most public place in the whole hermit kingdom. There is quite a city surrounding it, though it is outside of the walls of the capital, and a big business is done by the shopkeepers with the travelers who cross it on their way through the country. This west gate is the lowest and least honorable of any of the entrances to the Corean capital. It is through this that all coffins are carried out of the city for burial, and it is by this way that criminals must go on their way to execution. The Corean who went with country, and he showed me just how traitors are executed. They are brought from the prisons in rude carts drawn by bullocks, and their last days are filled with the refinements of torture. The carts have no springs, and the streets through which they are carried is so full of stones that it compares with the corduroy roads of the allowed to stand or sit in the cart. He is tied to a cross which is built up just over the wheels and nailed to the cart. This cross is so high that when his arms are stretched out and tied his toes are still six inches from the bed of the cart. A block is then put beneath them, and this block is so short that the tips of his toes barely touch it. The road grows rougher as it nears the west gate, and from thence to the execution ground it is filled with ruts and great rocks. At the west gate the block is knocked out from under the toes of the prisoner, and he hangs by his arms and his neck. The bullock is then whipped by the driver, and the cart bounces up and down over the rocky way to the execution grounds. Here the criminal is taken down from the cross. He is stripped of his clothes and laid upon his back in the dust of the road. The executioner is always a murderer, and his weapon is a sword, which is so blunt that it mashes rather than cuts the head from the shoulders. There is one sword which has been used for years for this purpose. It is said, indeed, to be five hundred years old, and it has hashed up thousands of necks. The worst of the rebels are cut into six parts, as was Kim Qk Kiun. Men of less prominence and of less serious offenses are simply decapitated. But the bodies of all must lie in the sun for three days before they

can be carried away. HOW THIEVES ARE TREATED. All sorts of crimes are terribly punished in Corea. The truth about such matters is kept, as far as possible, from the foreigners, and you will find little information about prisoners and punishments in any of the books on Corea. There is, in fact, but little published on the country, and the information which I give you was only accessible to me on account of the letters of introduction which I carried and the risks | tied in a chair, with his knees bare, and a which I took in going right in among the people and persisting in my questions and investigations, notwithstanding the objections of the officials. I am, I believe, the first American who has ever visited the Corean prisons. They are as bad almost as the hells into which I looked in some of the interior cities of China. I can't reconcile the cruelties I saw with the many noble qualities which I find among the Coreans. They are in some ways the most polite and most refined people. They are lovers of poetry and flowers. They are particular as to etiquette and their souls in most ways are as refined as ours. Still. these punishments are such that they would be a disgrace to the most ignorant and savage nations of the African wilds, and I wonder if after all our humanity is not civilization veneer, and whether we would not be quite as bad had we not for generations been studying how to do better. We are the same Christian people who burned witches at the stake only a generation or so ago, and our great great grandfathers punished the least stealing with death. What was common in feudalism would be disgraceful now. Corea is practically a feudal nation to-day, and it is, in fact, in the same state that China was about four hundred years back. Corean thieves are decapitated for their crimes. They are only cut into two pieces, however, and the law provides that their

flogged by the officers. He is then asked as to his crime and after this is taken to the house of the judge. The judge demands what he has done with the property, and if the thief replies that it has been sold and gives the name of the party who has it it is confiscated. He is then taken to jail and kept there for one hundred days. At the end of this time the police give him the option of life or death. If he accepts life he becomes a servant of the jail for the rest of his existence; if death, he is strangled.

METHODS OF STRANGLING. This strangling is done in a curious way. There is a hole in the door of the cell just large enough for a piece of rope about the size of a clothesline to pass through. A noose is made at the end of the rope, and this noose is placed around the criminal's neck. The other end of the rope is put through the hole in the door or the wall, and the police pull at the rope until they bring the man's chest and neck above and below the hole and until the neck breaks and the man is dead. The question as to whether a thief be strangled or decapitated depends upon the nature of the offense. Strangling is much the more respectable way of dying. Sometimes this is brought about by hanging. The thief's neck and hands are tied to a post, so that his feet are some distance above the ground. About his ankles a stout rope is then fastened, and to the end of this a stone, several times as, heavy as his body, is hung. Of course,

the man dies. Another method of execution is by suffocation, and this, strange to say, is done with paper. The man is laid flat upon his back, and a sheet of Corean paper is spread over his face. This has been soaked in water, and fits over the man's face, being pressed down so that it makes a veritable death mask, shutting out every bit of air, and the man dies. Any one who has seen the paper of Corea will appreciate how easily this form of execution could be carried out. It is made by hand. It is as thick as a sheet of blotting paper and almost as strong as leather. When moisture is apdoes not lose its strength, and it would

make an excellent molding material. I was told of a curious custom as to policemen who make false arrests. They are terribly punished, and if something similar was adopted as to our American sheriffs there would be fewer mistakes made. The Corean policeman who arrests a man as a thief when he knows him to be innocent is liable to be caught by the man's family, and his eyes may be burned out by them with redhot pokers or iron chopsticks which have been heated in the coals. His eyes have not seen truly in arresting the wrong man, and it is thought to be just that they be put out. Another way of performing this punishment is by laying the policeman on the ground with his face upward. A tube of bamboo, just about one inch in thickness and as long as a lead pencil, is fitted over the eye, and the other end of it is pounded with a mallet until the eyes are squeezed up into the bamboo tubes. Such cases are not common, but a policeman who intentionally arrests an innocent man is liable to this treatment.

A FAMILY BURIED ALIVE. Among the most terrible of Corean crimes are those against your parents or ancestors. There is a prison in Seoul that is devoted entirely to prisoners wno commit crimes against their parents. If a rich son refuses to support his father he can be sent to jail, and the boy who strikes his father can be whipped to death. The parricide is burned to death, and it is in Corea much the same as in China, where the killing of one's parents subjects the child to be sliced into thirty-odd pieces or carved up by inches. I heard of a curious case which happened this spring in Corea, which shows the power of the officials and the terrible vengeance which they sometimes visit upor those whom they hate. A certain magis trate had his ancestral tablets stolen, ar offense somewhat similar to the stealing of a man's grandfather's gravestone in America, but a really terrible thing in this superstitious land of Corea. Shortly after the theft was committed he received a notice that if he would go at a certain time and leave a certain amount of money at a certain place the tablets would be returned to him. He followed the directions in the note, but, instead of carrying a load of copper cash, he filled his bags with stones and had men in ambush to watch the thieves when they came to get the money As the robbers came forth these men sprang from their hiding places and attempted to catch them. They did not succeed in either recognizing them or capturing them, but one of the thieves dropped his pipe and ran. This pipe was shown about to the people, until finally one man said that it looked like that of a prominent noble. The magistrate at once arrested the suspected man and charged him with the robbery. He replied that he had had nothing to do with it. He was put to torture. His hands were tied behind him, and he was hung up by his elbows while his feet were whipped. He refused to contess. The magistrate became angry, and he had the man's whole family brought out and stoned. The man still refused to confess, and he actually buried the man and his family alive. This was such a horrible outrage that the people complained of 'he matter to the government. The magistrate, however, had a friend at court, and through the influence of the Prime Minister nothing was done to him. TORTURE AND THE STOCKS.

The torture of prisoners to make them confess is common in Corea, and it is wonderful what inventions of torture are sometimes in use. Think of tying a man's bare feet to a stake in the ground and burning his toes with powder. Think of all sorts of flogging and pinching and cutting, and you can get some idea of the powers of a Corean magistrate. In the prisons you will find iron chains, stocks and all sorts of manacles. These Coreans know how to. whip so that the flesh is raveled off of the bones, and I have a photograph of a man jailer whipping his bare shins. In one of the prisons which I visited I saw three men fastened in stocks. The stocks consisted of a log of wood about fifteen feet long and at least a foot in diameter. This had been split in two, and holes had been bored through it just large enough to hold the bare ankle of a man. The three criminals each had one foot fastened in this log, and the jailers, when I appeared with my soldiers and photographer, tried to move them out in the sun so that I might get a good photograph of them. As they pulled them along I heard one of them utter a cry of pain, and I saw that the features of all were contorted with agony, It made me sick, and I desisted. I told the jailers to let the men be, and that I would not take their pictures. I took a photograph, however, of one of the prisoners, who was wearing the Corean cangue. This is different from the articles used in China, and I have never heard it described, nor read of it anywhere. You will find no description of it in the books of travel. I do not suppose that many know of its existence. The Cainese cangue consists of a square framework or board, in the center of which a man's head is fixed, and which rests upon his shoulders, jutting about two feet out from his neck on every side. The Corean cangue is a plank, often longer than bodies need not lie on the execution the man himself, with a hole in one end of grounds longer than two days before their | it, in which the neck can be locked. If the afford to risk a little criticism, in view of relatives can take them away and bury | man wishes to move about he must hold up | what the bicycle can do for them.

this plank with his hands, and when he sits down its heavy weight rests upon his neck. I found it in the jalls of many of the magistrates which I visited in the country districts, and it is by no means a mild instrument of torture.

PADDLING AND SPANKING. Paddling and flogging are the most common punishment. This prevails everywhere, and the official is very low indeed who cannot order the common man down to be paddled. Every magistrate has his professional paddlers, and many officials when they go about have officers who go with them, carrying these instruments of torture. In passing the front gate of the palace one afternoon I saw a number of these kesos, as they are called, with their paddles beside them. Their masters had probably gone in to see the King and they were waiting outside. These paddles are about six feet long, five inches wide and perhaps an inch thick in the center, tapering down to a thickness of perhaps threeeighths of an inch at the end. They have small handles and they are made of a white hard wood which is very flexible and elastic. These paddling kesos have a regular guild of their own, and the business often descends from father to son. They are wonderfully expert in the use of the paddle and the officers carry from two to a hundred of them with them, according to their rank. I had one or two with me during a large part of my tours, but I, of course, did not use them. I can't describe the horrors of this paddling. Many foreigners have witnessed it, but few have been able to get a photograph of it. I have taken two. One was one of the chair bearers, whom I had my keso tie to the rack to show me just how the paddling was done. He was, of course, not struck, but he was very angry at being placed in what he called a compromising position and we had quite a row about the matter after we returned home.

The other picture represents the paddling actually going on. The man is tied to a board, which lies on the ground on two small blocks of wood. His body is bared from the waist to his ankles and he lies upon his belly on the plank. There is a rope around his waist which is fastened through a hole in the board and there are also ropes about his feet, which bind him so tightly that he cannot move. The keso stands behind him with his paddle and the officers look on to see that he is properly whipped. Often a half dozen men are paddled at the same time in this way. If there are no planks handy they are laid flat on the ground on their faces, and their feet are sometimes fastened in this position in wooden stocks, so that they cannot move. They are laid out in rows and each man has his paddle beside him. Each paddler's arms are bare to the shoulder and they work in unison. They have their paddles raised back over their heads as far as their arms can reach when they are ready for action, and they bring down at the cry of the under officials, who, with swords at their sides, stand at the head of the line of half naked men and yell out a sort of chant, which sounds something like this: La-hoo-aa-hoo-oo. The paddles are raised at the first la, and as the final oo-oo is uttered they are brought down with a crack like a pistol on the bare skin of the men and the executioners grunt with the exertion. They have a way of pressing the paddle down on the quivering flesh and of pulling it off with a rub before they raise it.

The first strike usually makes a blister, and at the close of the second the paddle is wet with water or blood. As these executioners drag it off they rub it into the sand, pressing it there until the kesos again cry la-hoo-aa-hoo-oo. Then the paddles are raised again, and, as they are brought down this time they are covered with sand. They pound the particles into the flesh, and as the men drag them off they take away the skin as though it were sandpapered. I can give you no conception of the punishment, and when you remember that any official has the right to paddle any man below him, and almost any one of prominence can paddle those of lower rank, you can get some idea of the condition of affairs in this country. I believe the people must be naturally kind, or life here would be a hell to the masses. As it is, sometimes men are killed by paddling. Fifty blows would surely do it, and the ordinary dose is about twelve strokes. Much paddling will reduce the flesh to a jelly, and even after slight punishment men have to be lifted up and carried away. They cannot rise of themselves. This paddling goes on in the army, and a general or a colonel can paddle a private, and the privates paddle the citizens, and so it goes. There is such a thing a bribing the paddlers, so that they pretend to kill the man, but moderate the stroke as it comes down and only punish him slightly. In fact, bribery is possible from the top to the bottom of Corean official life, and there will have to be an er tire reorganization of the whole system of government here before the people can have prosperity or peace. The King, it must be remembered, knows but little of the horrors which go on under his government. He has been doing the best he could for his people, and the rebellion has been against the officials and not against FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WOMEN AND BICYCLES.

More Reasons Why They Should Ride than Why They Should Not. Kate Field's Paper.

Concerning the hygienic argument, so many physicians are on the side of the bicycle that dissentient voices attract attention largely because they are so rare; but there are a few professional and apparently a good many non-professional men who take this opportunity to again remind woman how very precious her health is. When woman wants to learn anything, or do anything useful, or even have any fun. there is always some one to solemnly warn her that it is her duty to keep well. Meanwhile, in many States she can work in factories ten hours a day; she can stand behind counters in badly-ventilated stores from 8 o'clock till 6; she can bend over the sewing machine for about 5 cents an hour. and no one cares enough to protest. But when these same women, condemned to sedentary lives indoors, find a cheap and delightful way of getting the fresh air and exercise they need so sorely, there is a great hue and cry about their physical welfare. The third argument against the woman cyclist is that she is not a picturesque feature of the landscape. I doubt whether an unprejudiced observer, who had never before seen either, would not say that a woman on a well-adjusted wheel looked as well, if not better than a woman sitting in a bunch on a sidesaddle. The difference is largely in the fact that the women who ride horses usually belong to the class that can efford to make the most of themselves under any circumstances, while, so far, the majority of women cyclists are of the class that must consider time and money so carefully that they can seldom be well dressed. Society women are beginning to find out that in some respects the bicycle is a more convenient and trustworthy steed than a horse, and when good tailors learn to make wheeling costumes as well as they now make riding habits-and at the same exorbitant prices-we may begin to think a pretty girl shows to as much advantage on a wheel as on a horse, Of course, a bicycle will not make an ugly woman pretty-except as it drives away dyspepsia and keeps down superfluous flesh-nor will it make an untidy one neat, or an immodest one more sensitive to the proprieties. doubt, however, whether it is worth while to take these limitations seriously. Thousands of women never see a country road or pluck a wild flower because they cannot afford a horse; thousands of other women in country districts are shut off by distance from every social pleasure; many others who need better exercise than walking are too timid to mount a horse, and there is the still larger class that stays indoors and cultivates a dyspepsia warranted for three generations because there is nothing to entice them out. All of these women can